

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## THE IDRIAN MINER.

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AN AUSTRIAN TALE.

THE palace of the countess of Florenheim was thronged with lordly company. Every splendid saloon had been thrown open: but among the beauteous forms assembled there, the young Countess herself was the most admired. It might be that every eye looked in almost determined admiration upon one so gentle, and so distinguished by birth and fortune. But the young and innocent Bianca was very lovely. The usual expression of her large hazel eyes was eloquent tenderness, her features were beautiful, and every movement of her tall and delicate form was by nature graceful: though her dress was adorned by jewels of immense value, its appearance was not less magnificent than simple.

That day she had taken possession of her princely wealth; and, for the first time, she appeared as the mistress of her own palace; her manner was perfectly dignified and easy, but during the whole evening, the rich bloom of her cheek was heightened by a continual blush.

As the young Countess was retiring to rest, the arrival of a person, who earnestly requested to see her that very night, was announced; she hesitated at first, but after a few moments consideration, she consented to appear. She returned to the deserted saloon, and there waited till the man was introduced to her presence. She recognized at once the servant of the Count Alberti, and dismissed her attendants. How often did she tremble, how often did she turn pale with horror, during the short interview! Ernest had fought with his general officer against the positive commands of the Emperor; the general had

been mortally wounded, and Alberti was disgraced, a high reward was set upon his life. He had, however, escaped, but his servants knew not whither.

Many months passed away, months of doubt and sorrow to the hapless Bianca. The young deserter was never heard of; and the festive magnificence which had flashed for a moment in the palace of the Countess, entirely disappeared. All Vienna talked of her engagement with Ernest, and many pronounced the engagement dissolved.

A year passed away. The general whom Alberti had wounded was not dead, but he had met with so many relapses that his recovery was still pronounced uncertain. Bianca continued a quiet mourner, but now her alliance was sought by many of the noblest houses of Austria: gently, but firmly, every proposal was rejected.

The mother of the Count Alberti was living; and still presided over the household of her son. The Countess Bianca was now a constant visitor at the Alberti palace; and a few days after an interview with the Empress, the aged Countess and Bianca were conversing almost cheerfully together: they were elated with hope, for the petitions which had been presented in behalf of Ernest seemed to be successful. Suddenly a person entered the saloon: it was the old and faithful servant of Alberti; he told them news that almost overwhelmed them. The young Count had returned, he had been brought to Vienna with a gang of desperate banditti, he was said to be the captain of men who were outlaws, robbers, murderers. "Alas! alas!" exclaimed the old Countess, as she gazed with a look of heart-broken sorrow on a magnificent portrait of her late husband; "this is to be the last of the house of Alberti. Thy



only son, my beloved Conrad, the child of our hopes, will he prove a shame to his father's name? It is well you are not here, it is enough that I survive to witness our disgrace." "Ernest will never disgrace you," cried Bianca eagerly. "We know him much better," she added, clasping the trembling hands of the Countess with tender affection; "there is much to be explained in his story, dear rash Ernest," she faltered, leaning her hand upon her mother's shoulder, and burst into tears. "We know him better; he may be wild and faulty, but he will never disgrace any one." "He never will, you are right," replied the Countess; "I spoke hastily,—I ought to hope, I ought to believe, better things of my beloved son. Daughter of my love, I was very wrong to doubt him for a moment; you judge him rightly. Bless you, bless you, my sweet Bianca."

Alberti had been indeed brought to Vienna among the banditti of Istria; every proof was strong against him. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel, and there seemed no hope that the punishment would be mitigated. Ernest himself told an improbable story about his not being connected with the banditti; but nobody listened to it, and he mentioned it no more. Bianca and his mother did believe him. The account was perfectly true.

The captain of the banditti, who had not been taken with his companions, heard that Ernest was condemned to die. He had been once a man of honour himself; and he gave himself up to justice, and proved clearly that the Count had not joined his band, and had always indignantly refused when asked to join it. The sentence was therefore changed, and the noble and gallant Count Ernest was condemned in the pride of youthful manhood, to become a workman for life in the quicksilver mines of Idria.

The first surprise which made known to the aged Countess her son's safety, was joyful; but her grief soon returned as she thought upon the dreadful termination which awaited all her hopes for him. But Bianca was young and ardent, and the worst that would happen was joy to her. She devoted her whole heart, and every energy of her mind, to a plan which she instantly resolved to execute,

which was to accompany her betrothed and share his imprisonment. Not only the mother of Count Alberti, but even the Empress herself endeavoured to dissuade the lovely Bianca from such a rash resolution. They pictured to her that she would by such an act deprive herself of her own title and fortune—that the moment she married Alberti, her estates and title would be forfeited to the crown, and she be the simple wife of an Idrian miner; and that she would be obliged to perform even the duties of a menial servant to her husband.

"Countess Bianca of Florenheim," continued the Empress, "can you dare to undertake such a sacrifice? Are you aware that your mind may be upheld by an uncertain enthusiasm? Have you thought upon the drear, dull calm of poverty, and decaying health? Do you feel assured that when the first tumultuous feelings have worn themselves out, when there are none around to wonder at your extraordinary devotion to Alberti, when your name will be almost forgotten indeed, by all but a few friends whom you will never behold again, do you think that you will then rejoice at the decision you have made? When perhaps your husband may be dying in the morning of age, with no attendant but a weak, helpless wife, who may be then too ill even to stand beside him; then what will your feelings be?" The Empress repeated her question, for the words which preceded it had absorbed Bianca's thoughts. She pictured to herself the young and vigorous Ernest wasting away, dying in her presence; she forgot herself, and all but his sufferings. Slowly she raised her head as the Empress again addressed her. "What will my feelings be? Ah! I can scarcely imagine what they will be. Sorrow, certainly sorrow, but only for him, that must be the pervading feeling in such a moment. Happiness," her whole face brightened with smiles as she spoke, "real joy on my own account, to know that I am with him then, to hope, to believe, that I shall soon be with him *for ever*." "Do you determine to follow Ernest Alberti to the mines of Idria as his wife, and resign your rank and possessions?"—Bianca sunk on her knee, she raised her clasped hands, and



exclaimed, "I am but too favoured by God and my sovereign, if I may follow him. I resign my rank and property with joy, with gratitude." Again, once again, the Empress fixed on Bianca an earnest and searching look, and appeared to think deeply. "I am satisfied—I am quite satisfied," she said at length, and the sternness of her look disappeared; "I cannot countenance, but I shall not oppose your marriage."

Bianca went, and with her husband to the mines. The dismal hut of a workman in the mines of Idria, was but a poor exchange for the magnificent palace of the Count Alberti, on the banks of the Danube, which was now confiscated to the crown; though a small estate was given to the venerable and respected Countess during her life. But Bianca smiled with a smile of satisfied happiness, as leaning on her husband's arm, she stopped before the hut which was to be their future home.

The miner's hut became daily a more happy abode; the eyes of its inhabitants were soon accustomed to the dim light, and all that had seemed so wrapt in darkness when they first entered the mines, gradually dawned into distinctness and light. Bianca began to look with real pleasure on the walls and rude furniture of her too narrow room. She had no time to spend in useless sorrow, for she was continually employed in the necessary duties of her situation: she performed with cheerful alacrity the most menial offices, she repaired her husband's clothes, and she was delighted if she could sometimes take down from an old shelf, one of the few books she had brought with her. The days passed on rapidly; and as the young pair knelt down at the close of every evening, their praises and thanksgivings were as fervent as their prayers. Ernest had not been surprised at the high and virtuous enthusiasm which enabled Bianca, to support, at first all the severe trials they underwent without shrinking; but he *was* surprised to find that in the calm, the dull, hopeless calm, of undiminished hardship, her spirit never sank; her sweetness of temper and unrepining gentleness rather increased.

Another trial was approaching. Bianca, the young and tender Bianca, was about

to become a mother; and one evening, on returning from his work, Ernest found his wife making clothes for his unborn infant. He sat down beside her and sighed; but Bianca was singing merrily, and she only left off singing to embrace her husband with smiles, he thought the sweetest smiles he had ever seen.

The wife of one of the miners, whom Bianca had visited when lying ill of a dangerous disease, kindly offered to attend her during her confinement; and from the arms of this woman, Ernest received his first-born son; the child, who, born under different circumstances would have been welcomed with all the care and splendour of noble rank. But he forgot this in his joy that Bianca was safe, and stole on tip-toe to the room where she was lying.—She had been listening for his footstep, and as he approached, he saw in the gloom of the chamber her white arms stretched towards him. "I have been thanking God in my thoughts," said Bianca, after her husband had bent down to kiss her; "but I am so very weak! Dear Ernest, kneel down beside the bed, and offer up my blessings with your own." Surprising strength seemed to have been given to this delicate mother, by Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and she recovered rapidly from her confinement.

Shortly after this an express arrived from Vienna, inquiring if Alberti or his wife were still alive. A few hours after, another person arrived with the same haste, and on the same errand: they were, the one a near relation of Bianca, the other Alberti's fellow-soldier and most intimate friend. Pardon had at length been granted to the young exile, at the petition of the general officer whom he had wounded; and Alberti was recalled by the Empress herself to the court of Vienna.

The bearers of these happy tidings immediately descended into the mines. As they approached Alberti's hut, the light which glimmered through some apertures in the shattered door, induced them to look at its inmates before they entered. Though dressed in a dark coarse garment, and wasted away to an almost incredible slowness, still enough



of her former loveliness remained to tell them, that the pallid female they beheld was the young Countess; and the heart admired her more, as she sat leaning over her husband, and holding up to his kisses her small infant, her dark hair carelessly parted, and bound round her pale brow, seeming to live but in her husband's love; than when elegance had vied with splendour in her attire, when her hair had sparkled with diamonds, and in full health and beauty, she had been the one most gazed at and admired in the midst of the noblest and fairest company of Vienna. The door was still unopened, for Bianca was singing to her husband; she had chosen a song which her hearers had last listened to in her own splendid saloon, on the last night she had sung there; the soft complaining notes of her voice had seemed out of place there, where all was careless mirth and festivity; but its tone was suited to that dark solitude—it was like the song of hope in the cave of despair.

There were many hearts that sorrowed over the departure of the young Alberti and his wife from the mines of Idria. The miners, with whom they had lived so long, had learned to love them, at a time when too many a heart had almost forgotten to love and to hope; had learned from their kind words, but more, oh! much more from their beautiful example, to shake off the dreadful bands of despair, and daily to seek, and to find, a peace which passed all understanding. Ernest and Bianca had taught them to feel how happy, how cheerful a thing religion is! Was it then surprising, that at their departure, their poor companions should crowd around them and weep with mournful gratitude, as Ernest distributed among them his working tools, and the simple furniture of his small hut? Was it surprising, that Bianca and her husband, as they sat on the green grass, with waving trees and a cloudless sky above them, while the summer breeze bore with it full tides of freshness and fragrance from their magnificent gardens, and they beheld the pure rose colour of health begin to tinge the cheek of their delicate child, was it surprising that they should turn with feelings of affectionate sorrow to the dark and dreary mines of Idria?

I must not forget to mention, that Ernest and his wife were publicly reinstated in all their titles and possessions. A short time after their return to Vienna, they made their first appearance at court for that purpose. At the imperial command, all the princes and nobles of Austria, gorgeously dressed and blazing with gold and jewels, were assembled. Through the midst of these, guiding the steps of his feeble and venerable mother, Alberti advanced to the throne. A deep blush seemed fixed on his manly features, and the hand that supported his infirm parent trembled more than the wasted fingers he tenderly clasped. The Empress herself hung the order of the Golden Fleece round his neck, and gave into his hands the sword he had before forfeited; but as she did so, her tears fell upon the golden scabbard: the young soldier kissed them off with quivering lips. But soon every eye was turned to the wife of Alberti, who, with her young child sleeping in her arms, and supported by the noble-minded general, who had obtained her husband's pardon, next approached. Bianca had not forgotten that she was still only the wife of an Idrian miner, and no costly ornament adorned her simple dress. Not a tinge of colour had yet returned to her cheeks of marble paleness, and a shadowy languor still remained about her large hazel eyes; but her delicately shaped lips had almost regained their soft crimson dye, and her dark brown hair, confined by a single ribbon done as brightly as the beautiful and braided tresses around her. She wore a loose dress of white silk, adorned only with a fresh cluster of roses (for since she had left the mines she was more fond than ever of roses.) Every eye was fixed on her, and the Empress turned coldly from the glittering forms beside her, to the simple Bianca. Descending from her throne, she hastened to raise her ere she could kneel; and kissing her with the tender affection of a dear and intimate friend, she led the trembling Bianca to the highest step of the throne. There she turned to the whole assembly, and looking like a queen as she spoke, said, "This is the person whom we should all respect, as the brightest ornament of our court. This is the wife, ladies of Austria, whom I,



your monarch, hold up as your example—whom I am proud to consider far our superior in the duties of a wife. Shall we not learn of her, to turn away from the false pleasures of vanity and splendour, and like her to act up, modestly but firmly, to that high religious principle, which proves true nobility of soul.” —“Count Alberti,” continued the Empress, “every husband may envy you your residence in the mines of Idria. May God bless you both, and make you as happy, with the rank and wealth to which I fully restore you, as you were in the hut of an Idrian miner.”

### TIME MARCHES ON.

BY H. P. CRANE.

TIME marches on:

With swift but silent tread  
Day after day has fled  
To vast eternity;  
One year gone,  
Another in its stead  
Is passing o'er the head  
Of frail mortality.

Time marches on:

The graves—the silent stones  
Whisper in sad, sad tones  
A mournful history;  
Friends are gone—  
The fairest, dearest ones—  
Gone from the happy homes,  
Gone to eternity.

Time marches on:

The merry marriage-bell  
Has rung its happiest peal,  
Glad'ning humanity.  
Years roll on,  
And every New-Year's bell  
The self-same tale will tell  
To all eternity.

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### ILLUSTRIOUS UNITARIANS.

AMONG those who have embraced and defended our Unitarian views, we cannot reckon up a number of crowned heads, of kings and princes; but if we love, as mankind almost naturally do, to have the company of the wisest and best of men, we need not be ashamed of the names that figure in our calendar. Servetus, the martyr, was a most eminent physician, and the first of the faculty that discovered the circulation of the blood—one hundred years before Harvey. Sir William Jones, too, the most distinguished oriental scholar of modern times, was a Unitarian; and very few are otherwise minded than to concede he was a worthy Christian. The celebrated Judge Hale, we are told by Lord Chancellor Campbell, may be added to our list; his knowledge of English law, and his sense of justice, have won him an everlasting renown in the annals of our country, and these qualities were more than equalled by his piety. John Locke, one of England's greatest worthies; Milton, the sublime patriot and poet, with Newton, the world-famed philosopher, all held the same Unitarian faith. Dr. Price, Dr. Lardner, and Dr. Priestley, three of the most celebrated men of the eighteenth century for scientific discoveries and works of literary depth and usefulness. President Jefferson, of America, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Channing, and Judge Story, illustrious in the history of human rights and Christian civilization, belonged to the same family of faith. And Dr. Isaac Watts adopted the same views of the Godhead before he passed away. We have shown we have a fair share of the noble army of martyrs and confessors for Christian truth; God has certainly been good to our Church in the number of eminent men he has sent among us. May the remembrance of their learning, and their worth, stir us all up to faithful self-culture, ardent patriotism, useful citizenship, and true Christian life. The condemnation of the Jews in former times, was, that they boasted they had Abraham for their father, while they were less worthy of this honour, by their faithlessness, than the Gentiles who surrounded them. May the sentence recorded against them, never be recorded against us.



## THE AUTHORITY OF CHRIST.

THE fact of the wide spread *authority* which Jesus of Nazareth has exerted in the world, is not disputed. It is acknowledged on all hands. The most important question, perhaps, of the present hour, is the *source* of that authority. Its influence on the whole has been for good. It availed at first to the establishment of the Christian Church. The Apostles were taken by that authority from their former occupations, and converted into public men, working together for a common cause. One was added to their number afterwards. He was converted, turned round, from a persecutor to a builder of the Christian Church. By the *authority* of Jesus of Nazareth, who appeared to him as the risen Saviour, he was withdrawn from his former habits and pursuits, and became a zealous preacher of the religion which he formerly opposed. He submitted himself without hesitation to his guidance, and spent a laborious life in promoting his cause. What was it, which in the view of Paul, conferred on Jesus this authority? Jesus was permitted to speak to him on his way to Damascus. In that vision he makes him an Apostle: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear unto thee, delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom I now send thee."

What Paul considered to be the authority of Christ, appears from what he *did* in consequence of this interview: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not *disobedient* to the heavenly vision, but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance."

The making the *authority* of Christ the main thing aimed at and established in the New Testament, obviates not a few difficulties which are raised by the few faith of these latter days.

If we make it the main office of Christ

to *reveal* anything, the question immediately arises: Would any religious truth be credible, if it were for the first time made known to the world through Christ? Would the world be permitted to exist four thousand years before God should make known to man his duty and destiny? Such an omission would be incredible.

Paul says, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Why? One reason is, that "the wrath of God is revealed against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness." Does he say, that it is because the Gospel reveals what unrighteousness and ungodliness *are*? By no means. That is supposed to be known already. "Who hold the truth in unrighteousness." They knew enough of duty by the light of nature, to put them in a state of religious preparation, but they were unfaithful to it. What they wanted was not more knowledge of duty, but greater certainty of retribution, and that greater certainty was afforded in additional evidence of a future life.

Neither was it so much a better theology that they wanted. For the Apostle subjoins: "Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God hath showed it to them. For the invisible things of him are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse." So it would appear that Christ and his Apostles were sent, not to *invent* religion, as a thing hitherto unknown, or to *reveal* a religion as a thing hitherto concealed—either of these would have reflected on God's previous care of mankind—but to teach and preach natural and universal religion, with clearer statement and higher evidence.

Not that there is not sufficient clearness and evidence of natural religion to constitute a solid and sufficient basis for moral obligation, and to secure a pure and holy life; but men had disregarded the light of nature, and corrupted the religion of nature by perverse inventions and vain imaginations, so that special interpositions had become necessary to admonish and set the world right.

Whether Christ had any supernatural knowledge of human duty, every one must judge for himself. There are his



teachings on one hand, and the teachings of all the philosophers on the other. To the believers in Christ's Divine illumination, his teachings seem like the broad shining of the mid-day sun, and theirs, the twinkling of a few stars in a cloudy night. The evidence, too, of Christ's resurrection is a specific thing. The witnesses evidently believed it, for they were ready to stake their lives upon it; and many of them died martyrs to that belief.

To those who thus receive Christianity, its institutions are a *religion*, that is they are accompanied by a sense of obligations; they feel their consciences bound by them. They feel a satisfaction in complying with its ritual, for they see that it is reasonable, and not merely arbitrary—a means to an end, and not an end in itself.

The institution of preaching is the fundamental and central institution of Christianity. Christ announced himself as the "Light of the world." His ministry was spent in teaching. Such must be the occupation of his ministers. They take up the work where he laid it down. He ordained his Apostles and their successors to this especial service. They have always felt the weight of that authority, and the world has felt it too. The Church and the world have felt that the best talents and the best education ought to be given to this work. Those who feel the worth and importance of Christian institutions will continue to sustain them, and there always will be a Church in the world.

Many are heard to say, that they want no Master, no indisputable authority in religious matters. Let every man preach what seems to him truth, on his own authority.

This sounds very plausible, but it amounts to an annihilation of the Christian Church. The Christian Church is an institution founded on the Divine authority of Christ. If there was no such authority, then all that is peculiar to Christianity is a *SUPERSTITION*. It is not a religion. It has no binding authority.

Christ had superhuman authority, or the whole existence of the Christian Church has been a mistake.—*Christian Inquirer*.

## MY MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

"God protect thee, my little one," said my mother, as I stood by her dying bed. There was a tremor in her fainting voice, which trembled on my lip. I, in childish joyfulness, shook the pale hand of my dying parent from my head; and buried my brow in the rich mass of dark hair which floated o'er her pillow.—Again her sweet voice sighed, "Lead her not in the way of temptation, but deliver her from evil." I raised my head from its beautiful resting place, and as young as I was, I felt the influence of my mother's prayer. Her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on me as if they would have left one of their bright unearthly rays, as a seal of death-bed covenant; but she spoke not again. The last effort of nature had uttered that prayer. I have every reason to believe that God has, in a degree, caused that prayer to be instrumental in gaining its own answer; for often when the heedlessness of youth would have led me into errors, has the sweet voice now hushed for ever, intermingled itself with my thoughts and drawn me from my purpose. Oft when my brow has been wreathed with flowers for the festival, when my cheek has been flushed, and my eyes sparkled with anticipated pleasures, have I caught the reflection of that eye, in the mirror, and thought it resembled my mother's; and as the mantle of supplication to heaven has come back to my memory, the clustering roses have been torn from my head, sober sadness has chased the natural glow from my cheek, and the light from mine eye; and my thoughts have been carried back to my lost parent, and from her to the heaven she inhabits. The festival and all its attractions have been forgotten, and I have been "delivered from temptation." Again; when the sparkling wine cup has almost bathed my lips, has the last prayer of my mother seemed to mingle with its contents and it has remained untasted. When my hand has rested in that of the dishonourable, and trembled at the touch of him that says in his heart there is no God, as that voice seemed to flow with its fascinating accents, I have listened to it and fled, as if from a serpent of my own native forest.



## UNITARIANISM BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE have sometimes heard it asked, with a kind of triumphant air, "Where are your martyrs for the Unitarian cause?" We recently heard the question put in a petulant spirit, and then answered by the same party, "that we had no martyrs for Unitarianism." Craft and falsehood have a short triumph, and the weapons they commonly use, in the end, pierce their own cause, recoil with shame upon their own head. Their argument stands thus—"You have no martyrs, therefore you have a bad, a false cause." But supposing we show we have had most signal martyrs, and that our cause is still persecuted, and has thousands of men and women, whose lives are martyrdom for the open profession of Unitarianism, then the spirit of the argument changes, and the conclusion drawn is, because we have martyrs, many martyrs, who, for Unitarianism, have died by fire and water, on the scaffold, and in the loathsome dungeon, as we have shown in previous numbers of this volume, then our cause is a good and true cause, as it has had its martyrs. We do not pledge ourselves to this foolish way of reasoning. Martyrs only prove their sincerity, in the face of suffering and death; they do not prove their cause to be either good or true. We honour all sincere men; we despise a want of sincerity, the time-serving and self-seeking; we honour our martyrs of the past and present, for the cross they have borne, and they bear. But now let us ask in return, the Trinitarian who asks us, have you any martyr list of those who have suffered for the doctrine of the Trinity? Can you name one who has laid down his life for the doctrine of three persons in one God? Is there such a name on the page of history? There may be. We are not aware, with a very fair share of Church history in our minds, that ever a Trinitarian Christian has been called to suffer death for denying the doctrine of the Unity of God, and holding to the doctrine of the Trinity. We think there is not such an event chronicled on the page of history. We know protestants have suffered death—Trinitarian protestants—at the hands of Roman Catholic Trinitarians. Trinitarians have put Trinitarians to death, and Trinitarians have put Unitarians to death; but did ever a Trinitarian suffer death for the "Trinity?" If so, we should like to know who? Nor do we conclude that, because we know of none, none have suffered; nor do we infer, because no one has suffered death for the Trinity, that the cause of Trinitarianism is a false or bad cause; this would be to imitate an utterly fallacious method of argumentation, a method of drawing conclusions every man's understanding ought to revolt against. Yet such is the way our opponents talk; they say, "we have no martyrs, therefore our cause is false;" we show we have martyrs; they still do not admit our cause to be true. They know not any martyrs the cause of Trinitarianism ever had; they have no martyrs, still they believe *their* cause is true. Surely they are driven to their wits end who oppose our beautiful, scriptural, and rational religion,

who talk against us, assuming we have no martyrs. Their theory is false, as we have shown, by the facts of our history, in former numbers. And now we trust our country and the world are moving on to a higher state of civilization and Christian charity, when men will cease to talk nonsense in defence of their religion, as they have now ceased to put supposed heretics to death for their peculiar views. Nothing can better show that progress of free thought, and the right of private judgment, than some of the changes that have come over the House of Commons. It was only the other year that Jews were allowed to sit in that house. Jews, Catholics, and Unitarians, have all been excluded, and now we exceedingly rejoice that such exclusion is known no more. The House of Commons is composed of all those different sects, and others as well. It may interest some of our readers to know the flutter and surprise caused in years that are past, by the presence of members, duly elected, but discovered to hold Unitarian views. And these incidents will suffice to indicate the spirit of those times, and how roughly even members of parliament were handled, who dissented from the popular doctrine of the Trinity.

It would astound the world, and mortify every liberal-minded man in England, if a member of parliament were now to be brought to the bar of the house, charged with nothing but a difference of religious sentiment, even a Unitarian, and then expelled: such has been the case in former years, but never will be again. Who says the world does not move, and that the influence of Unitarianism is not being more and more felt.

England has had one premier avowedly a Unitarian, the Duke of Grafton, and has now several useful members who avow our faith. Our views shared a different fate, even at the close of the seventeenth century, in the person of

MR. WM. FREEKE, M.P.

A vote of censure was passed in the House of Lords, and also in the House of Commons, on a pamphlet written by Mr. Freeke, called "A clear confutation of the doctrine of the Trinity." What a very imprudent and unwise man that Mr. Freeke must have been, a man of position, who had everything to fear and nothing to hope in that sea of trouble, to go and follow his convictions, and verily write a pamphlet to show the people their error on this fundamental article of faith and worship. So some of our very quiet people would say at the present day. Why did he not take Dyer's advice, "Eat his pudding and hold his tongue," and trust to the silent force of truth, and neither speak nor write about it. So all our worldly wise men, and morally coward men would have done. But William Freeke belonged not to this silent school. He believed God had given man a power to speak, that he might speak the truth; and no truth was of greater importance, to be uttered, than religious truth, so he lifted his pen and voice for the ONENESS of God, and heeded little the fine of five hundred pounds, and the rebuke and the vote of both houses that his pamphlet was infamous and scandalous, and was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. The Journals of the House of



Commons give an account of two days, in the year 1650, being spent in discussing the case of

MR. JOHN FRY, M.P.,

whether he could be allowed to continue his seat among those honourable and orthodox gentlemen, as he had written against the doctrine of the Trinity. Colonel Downes brought the matter before the House on the 22nd of Feb., and it was, after some debate, adjourned till the 24th. This weighty matter had their attention both days. At last it was voted, "Mr. Fry, a member of parliament, being accused by Colonel Downes, another member of parliament, for books written by Mr. Fry, that the books are erroneous, profane, and highly scandalous, and that they be burnt, and that Mr. Fry be disabled to sit in Parliament."

The House of Commons has had, we find, at different times, its attention called to the importance of stopping the progress of Unitarianism, and did more than once enact stringent laws. The cases of several Unitarians were brought before the Long Parliament, and they dealt severely with some of them. Mr. Paul Best, and others, were brought to the bar of the house, and censured, and fined, and some of them sent to prison, and their books ordered to be burnt. Thank God all this has passed away, our views have won their way, our members can now sit undisturbed about those matters. Continued faithfulness in those less troublesome times will give the victory to the cause we sustain of pure gospel truth. We trust our people everywhere will remember, that they have a very important mission, and will show no lukewarm spirit, no hesitating action in this cause.

None need unnecessarily obtrude his views upon others—none need be intolerant and show an unfriendly spirit—none of us need utter any uncharitable words: we are simply called upon not to fear the open profession and practice of our Unitarian faith.

## EVENING HOURS & MORNING HOURS.

### I.

THE night was clear with sparkling stars; and palaces with corniced roofs, and churches with towers and spires, and tall bare lindens cast deep shadows, in the moonbeams, on the streets of Berlin.—On the steps, beneath a porch, the rays struck full on two seated figures.—The elder in Polish garb, seemed still in early manhood, but already his brow was furrowed, and his cheek was wasted; and the unearthly lustre of his eye told that the energy of the spirit was wearing out the frame. The high cheek bones and aquiline nose of the younger, who was yet a boy, marked him as a son of Israel. He was listening with eager interest to a lesson, which his teacher read by the uncertain light. "But why need we look on our Euclid, Moses? Overhead is the grand page, which a heavenly geometer has marked with bright points. Let us study our angles in the constellation Lyra." Hours passed on, and found them still engaged in their absorbing occupations.

"Think you not," at last broke forth the boy,

and his grey eye brightened beneath its long lashes; "think you not, that these systems upon systems, these worlds upon worlds are all filled with spirits; fitted as we are, ay, better than we to admire and know? Oh God! how wonderful it is to contemplate this immensity of being."

"And how little, how very little, we know! Moses!" answered the elder, "sometimes when the pain here," and he struck his chest, "is the keenest, I cannot but joy to feel that the hour of deliverance draws nigh. How the spirit will grasp all, see all, pervade all, when it is once free. There are mysteries, which these weak senses cannot fathom. Patience! patience! He who breathed into us intelligence, will not mock us. How he floods our souls with his displays of beauty and power, even now."

Just then, a carriage whirled up to the door of a neighbouring palace. Servants in shining livery were in attendance. And glittering in jewels, and wrapped in rich furs, a young girl stepped under the massive portal, whence poured the blaze of torches and the sound of music. "Poor triflers," sighed Moses, "how little are ye living like immortals. Pity! for that young maiden born to the bondage of fashion. The glare of wax-lights is more beautiful to her than the silver lamps of this glorious temple, and the whispers of flattery stir more rapture, than the hopes and boundless longings, which the silent stars awaken. Blessed is poverty, with all its miseries, if it leaves but the spirit free." And yet, brother, the ends of life are partly answered even amid the crowd of those thoughtless revellers. Feelings are springing into birth, and tastes are forming, and character matured even there. We are not left wholly to our folly. We are forced in a measure to learn. The master trains his scholar in simple notes, and then in complex combinations, and only at last, when his touch is firm and his execution easy, does he put before him the grand pieces of music. And so the poor details of our common life are training us for the moral harmonies of heaven.

And was that young boy, shivering in his ragged garb, in the cold night air, and studying Euclid by moonlight, and feeding his spirit while his body was famished, to be neglected by providence, as he was by men? No! To those, who, out of the swift moments which we too often trample beneath our feet as common dust, rear for themselves palaces of beauty and homes of peace, the hours bring friends.

That boy was Moses Mendelssohn.

### II.

Two score years had passed away, when on a summer morning, a group of youths were ranged in rapt attention around a grey-haired patriarch. He was reading to them from the *Phædo* of Plato, and discoursing on the immortality of the soul. They sat in a summer house fitted up for study. Alcoves were filled with books and manuscripts, and on pedestals were arranged the busts of noble-hearted men of earlier and modern days. Lindens shaded the little temple, and roses were blooming by the windows, while the spicy honey-suckle breathed in it aromatic perfume. A green slope led into rich garden



paths, where flowers were sparkling in the dew, and nodding in the air.

"Kindly," said the old man, "has God made all things symbolise a resurrection. Each brightening morning, each budding flower, each insect bursting from its shroud, are types of renewed life. Death! what is it but our night, our winter, our chrysalis?"

But the longing of our hearts for fuller insight, and tenderer sensibility, and more exquisite enjoyment, than we now experience, is our stronghold of hope—What beauty is all around us now in the tinted clouds, the silver mist, the jewelled grass, the twinkling leaves, and the waving boughs! And yet how little can we take in of these rich treasures through our powers of sight. Do you not feel too that there is a finer beauty which cannot be seen? And the melodies with which the air is trembling, the carrollings of birds in liquid gushes, the flowing of water in warbling murmurs, the continuous whisper and hush among the trees, and all the blending harmonies of life,—how imperfectly do we catch the notes of Nature's hymn! Shall no more subtle sense some day be given, through which shall sound the music of the goings on of Earth? What are these bodies but a veil, which has been kindly wrapped about our untried powers lest the world of light should blind them. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

Enthusiasm brought a flush into his pale cheek, as pointing with trembling finger to the books and busts, he continued. "What! shall we dare, in this presence, to doubt, that he who brought the spirit into being, will preserve it? On perishing rags, with fading letters, which the worm can waste and the elements consume, we perpetuate the thoughts of those, whose earthly life has long since gone out, like a taper. Are these frail memorials more enduring than the mind which gave them birth? Look at these noble heads, whose spiritual beauty is here made eternal for us in the senseless marble. Shall we dream that the infinite Father valued less those souls, instinct with love and power and joy, than we do their stone types.

A tear glistened in his eye—and his countenance wore the sublime expression of prayer.

The outcast boy had become the honoured sage. Years had perfected and glorified the energies, which adversity could not depress. His name was known, his influence felt, his society courted, his example followed, and his character revered. In his own soul was growing strength, and ever serene peace. These were the Morning Hours of Mendelssohn.

Was no brighter ministry awaiting him in the unclouded noon of God's presence? "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

#### THE PARABLE OF EUSOVIUS.

AND it came to pass in the reign of King Agrippa, that the people had become exceedingly sinful and corrupt.

And the whole land was filled with rioting, and violence, and drunkenness.

And the wine sellers, and the rum sellers,

were seated openly in the market place, and even before the very doors of the Temple that Herod had rebuked.

And they seduced the multitude to do evil continually; and they brought them to poverty, and to ruin, and to death.

And it was at this time that there appeared among them a teacher, who was called Eusovius; and he went about preaching repentance and reformation.

And many people followed after him and harkened unto his words; but the worshippers of Mammon reviled him, and spake evil against him.

And he said unto them, Why sell ye your consciences for gold, ye sons of an evil generation? Know ye not that the time cometh, when the souls of your victims shall rise against you in judgment, even in the great and terrible day of the Almighty?

And they answered him, It is lawful for us to sell these things; and we compel no man to buy of us. The abuse of any thing doth not abrogate the lawful use thereof. Behold now here is a vender of implements of war; he has sold a sword to a man, wherewith he hath killed himself—sayest thou that he is a sinner like ourselves?

And a great multitude having gathered together, Eusovius stretched out his hand, and said unto them,—Men and Brethren! verily I say unto you, from the mouth cometh forth all manner of deceitfulness; but God looketh at the heart; ye deceive men, but God ye cannot deceive. Behold! I say unto you, that when the evils of any thing shall come upon you like a leprosy, and the whole land shall be filled with lamentation, and mourning, and woe, ye shall then abrogate the use thereof, and put it away utterly from among you. And the hope of the righteous shall be gladness, but the expectation of the wicked shall perish!

And he spake unto them a parable, saying,

A certain husbandman having gathered together his substance, went into a far country; and his wife, and his children, and his servants, followed after him.

And he settled himself in the wilderness.

And he built him an habitation, and made him a garden, and cultivated the earth for a subsistence.

And the Lord prospered him.

But as he grew in substance, and in riches, so also increased his desire of gain, and his forgetfulness of the Almighty.

And he called together his children, and said unto them,

Behold the foxes of the fields and the beasts of the wilderness are without number,

Lo! I will ensnare them, and take them unto the cities, and sell them, and they shall become profitable unto us, and we shall increase and multiply.

And he made unto himself a Trap, and it was fashioned with iron, and with steel, and with springs, and with hinges, and with joints, and became an engine of terror, even unto the whole household.

And having cautioned them to beware of it, he placed it in his garden.



Now it came to pass, that after some time, his eldest son having forgotten the admonitions of his father, fell by accident into the trap, and was killed instantly.

And there was great lamentation, and mourning, over the first-born; and the mother wept over him, and cried, My son, my son, and refused to be comforted.

But the angel of Time passed over them, and their sorrows were alleviated.

And the trap was again placed in the garden, to capture the beasts of the field, and the animals of the wilderness; and the father again warned his children.

But the second son, likewise, fell a victim; and he was buried in lifeless, and bleeding.

And they wept sorely; and they said, Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.

He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. The ways of Providence are mysterious, and man must submit to the destiny appointed him.

And having performed the usual ceremonies, they carried him unto the field, and buried him.

Now after this time, the father having called together his household, said unto them, Lo! I go to place the trap in the corner of the vineyard; and I say unto you beware of that place; and let the fate of your brethren be unto you a hindrance and a warning; and go you not near unto it, for in the neighbourhood thereof is danger, and the place thereof destruction.

And they answered, We will not go.

But they remembered not their promise.

And it happened, that when the time of the Passover had come, and the husbandman was preparing to go up to Jerusalem, as in the morning he went abroad in his fields, he heard the shouting of his servants; and he looked, and he beheld,—not his son, but the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children, in the agony of death. She had fallen into the snare. Her last look seemed to reproach him.

And he fell down in despair.

And his sons came unto him, and they rent their garments, and poured dust upon their faces, and bewailed day and night continually.

And they cried, Where is now our hope, as for our hope, who shall see it? They shall go down to the bars of the pit, when our rest together is in the dust.

And having embalmed the body, they brought it to Jerusalem, to be buried in the sepulchres of the holy city; and there was wailing among all the people.

And it came to pass, that having tarried there many months, they returned home, and again busied themselves in the care of their husbandry. And they increased in riches and in substance.

And the father said, I have been grievously afflicted. The angel of Death has visited me, and left me only Abner and Benjamin to comfort my old age.

And he called them, and said unto them, My sons, keep my commandments, and lay up my words with you, and your inheritance shall be great, and your days shall be long in the land.

Behold we have increased in substance and in riches.

We have cultivated the earth, and have trafficked in the cities, and we have taken the beasts of the forest, and their spoils have become a gain and an inheritance. Lo! I will again ensnare them, that we may become wealthy, as the money lenders of Jerusalem.

But O my sons! give ear unto my counsel, and neglect not my instructions; and thou, Abner, shalt take charge of the young man Benjamin, whom my soul loveth, and thou shalt keep him from evil; and I go to place in the garden the trap for the beasts of the wilderness.

And ye shall in no wise approach unto it, lest ye bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Let me not say, Died Abner, as the fool dieth. I say unto you, that I have no sin in this matter for thereunto I *compel* you not, but rather warn you unceasingly.

And if ye disobey my commands, and will not hearken to my voice, great is your own condemnation.

And having said thus, he again placed the snare.

Now many days passed away, and the father was watchful over his children. Yet had Abner forgotten his instructions, and become regardless of his admonitions. And he went, and came, and lingered about the place, until at length he was crushed in the springs of the trap, and he was wounded unto death.

And the father ran, and caught him, and carried him into the house.

And Eusevius, lifting up his voice to the multitude, exclaimed, Men and brethren! as the father is bending in tribulation and anguish over the body of his expiring son, while the youth Benjamin stands in tears beside him, men and brethren, my appeal is to each one of you; by the God of your fathers,—I ask you—*Will he again set the fatal trap?*

And the whole multitude answered, as with one voice, and they said, He will not.

And Eusevius said, He will not. He will rather cast it into outer darkness, and he will build a fire that it may be utterly consumed. And he will go about in sackcloth and ashes all the days of his life; lamenting the hardness of heart, and the blindness of mind, that brought death and desolation around him.

#### THE LAST HOUR OF AN UNITARIAN.

AN expatriated Austrian, JOHN WOLZOGENIUS, who had adopted Unitarian views, and had distinguished himself in the highest walks of learning, when he perceived his end approaching, sent for a Trinitarian minister of much celebrity in mathematical learning. They had a long conversation on some very difficult problems. The minister saw he was dying, and advised him to look to the salvation of his soul. Wolzogenius replied, "I have purposely entered upon this mathematical discussion, at the present juncture, to show, that I am still in full possession of my reasoning faculties." And he further declared in view of death, in this sound state of mind, he did not retract his views, but considered all he had written true. The minister then commended him to the divine mercy.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**SIN OF THE PHARISES.**—A lady recently asked a pupil at a public examination of a Sunday-School, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

**NEVER SULK.**—Better draw the cork of your indignation, and let it foam and fume, than wire it down to turn sour and acid within you. Sulks affect the liver, and are still worse for the heart and the soul. Wrath driven in is as dangerous to the moral health as suppressed small-pox to the animal system. Dissipate it by reflecting on the mildness, humility, and serenity of better men than yourself, suffering under greater wrongs than you have ever been called upon to bear.

**MACKLIN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.**—"I have often told you that every man must be the *maker or marrer* of his own fortune. I repeat the doctrine, he who depends upon his incessant industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the noblest and most exalted kind; these are the creators of fortune and fame, the founders of families, and can never disappoint or desert you. They control all human dealings, and turn even vicissitudes of any unfortunate tendency to a contrary nature. You have a genius, you have learning, you have industry *at times*, but you want *perseverance*, without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in your mind constantly,—*PERSEVERE*."

**WATCHING ONE'S SELF.**—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us, 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I. 'You did; and were *your eyes on your book* when you saw him?' I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

**THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.**—Mr. Walpole defended (and that was the joke) religion against me, and said he would do so against the whole bench of Bishops,—that the fourth commandment was the most amiable and merciful that ever was promulgated, as it considers the ease and comfort of the hard labouring poor and beasts of burden; but that it was never intended for persons of fashion, who have no occasion for rest, as they never do anything on the other days; and indeed, that the law was made when there were no people of fashion. He really pretended to be in earnest, and we parted mutually unconverted; he lamenting that I am fallen into the heresy of puritanical strictness, and I lamenting that he is a person of fashion, for whom the ten commandments were not made.—*H. More.*

**THE CONVERSION OF THE CHURCH.**—We hear a great deal now-a-days about the conversion of the world. It is in almost every Christian's mouth; and we cannot be too familiar with the phrase—we cannot be too diligent to promote the thing. It ought to have our daily thoughts, prayers, and efforts. It deserves our hearts. It is the great object of Christianity. But there is another community besides the world which I think needs to undergo a measure of the same process, which the world so much needs. It is the *church*. While the conversion of the world is made so prominent, I think we ought not to overlook the *conversion of the church*, especially since this comes first in order. Everything, we know, begins at the house of God; both judgment and mercy. But what do I mean by the conversion of the church? Is not the church converted already? Suppose I admit that; may she not need a new conversion? Regeneration is but once; but conversion may be many times. Peter had been converted when Christ said to him, "and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." There is no doubt the church might be converted again, and that without any injury to her.

**A MINISTER'S CONFESSION.**—At the recent meeting of the Congregational Union at Aberdeen, Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, said: "I am ready, without any beating about the bush, to say that we are all underpaid for what we do. I was talking lately with a London business man—a successful merchant. It was about the time bishops were getting made, and we talked about their incomes. He said to me, 'And if it is a fair question, what do you get?' I told him, 'Well,' he answered, 'is that all you get?' 'Yes; and compared with what many of my brethren get, it is pretty fair.' 'And what do you do for that?' I said I would enlighten him upon this: 'In the first place, I compose and write what would be fully two pretty thick octavo volumes; about as much as any literary man, bending over his pen, thinks of doing, and more than some do in a year. In the next place, I have to do as much speaking every week as a lawyer at the bar in good practice. Then, in the third place, to do as much visiting as a surgeon in average practice would do. And, in the next place, I think I write as many letters as many of you great merchants do.' 'Well,' he said, 'is yours an extraordinary case?' I said, 'not at all. A man's duties correspond with his sphere; but many of my brethren do as much, some of them perhaps a little more.' 'Well,' he said again, 'they may say as much as they please about ministers getting too much for their work, but none of us would do half your work for four times your pay.'"

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